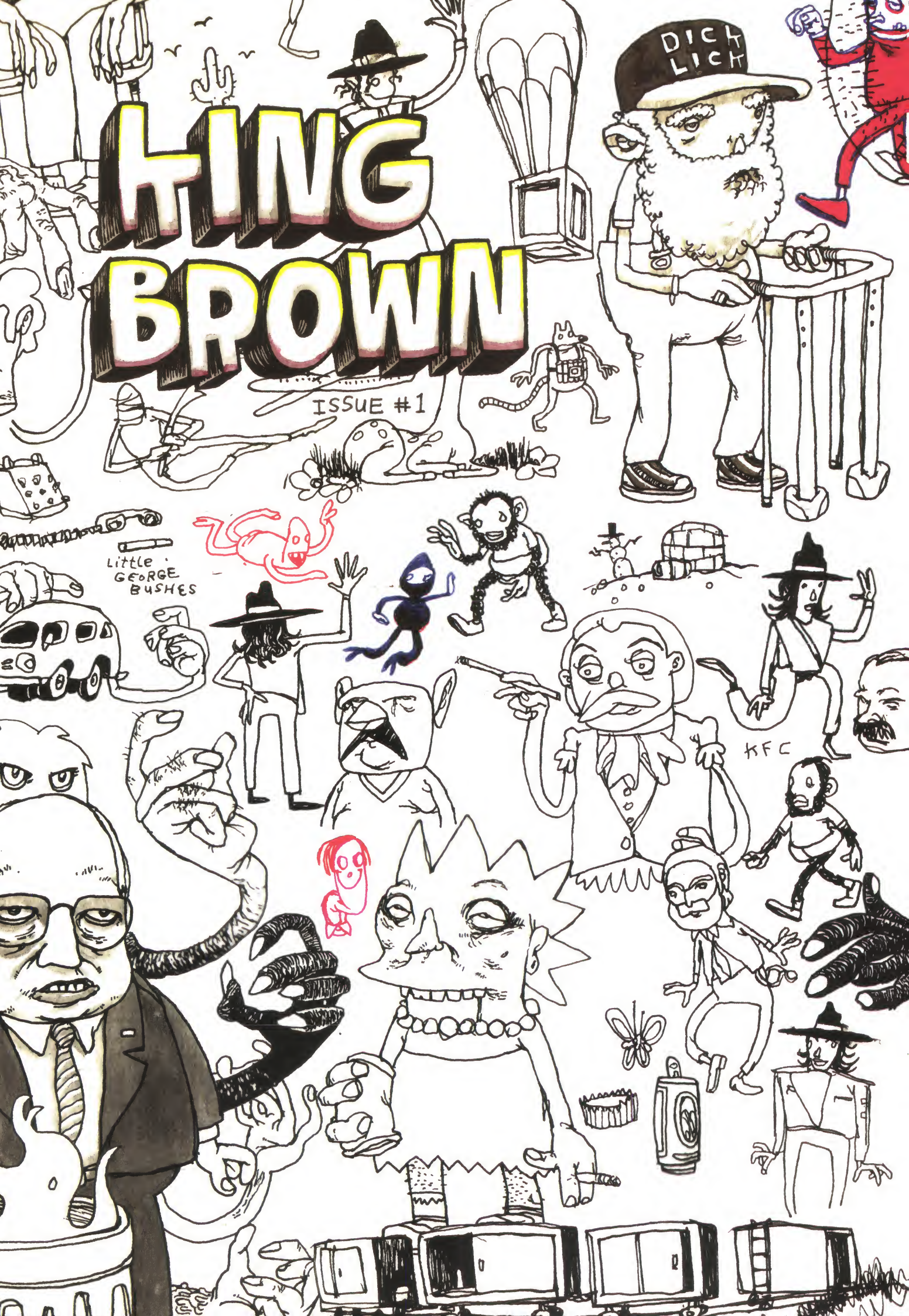


# TING BROWN

ISSUE #1











**ROYAL**  
**ELASTICS**  
**ICON**









**FLIGHT INFORMATION**



everyones skull looks the same

HONEY

C'DAY FROM WA

buy me a pony

AM

«BONE HEAD»

DEATHS METAL

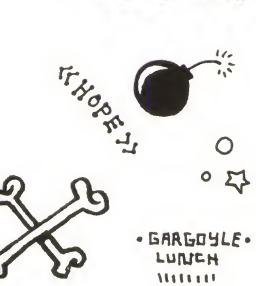
SKULL

SUPPORT A BEARD

HOPE



# FIRSTLY WE'D LIKE TO THANK BOOZE. FOR THREE REASONS. >



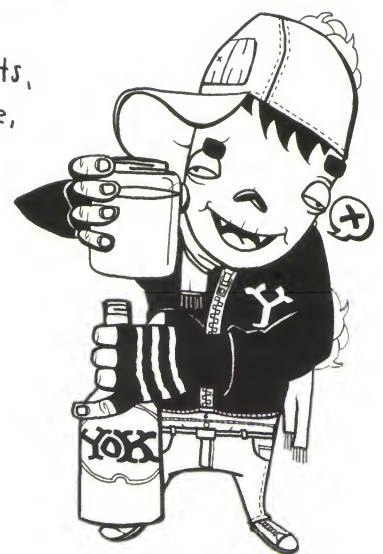
1. IT'S DELICIOUS LIQUIDY FORM WITH AN ABILITY TO QUENCH THIRST, RELAX BRAIN, LUBRICATE SOCIAL SITUATIONS &, OR REMOVE ONESELF FROM THE MUNDANE.

2. CONTRIBUTION TO GETTING FUCT UP AND DECIDING ONE NIGHT AT A HOUSEPARTY TO GET A MAG TOGETHER.

3. THE AVAILABILITY OF BEER IN A LARGER THAN NORMAL BOTTLE, KNOWN AS A LONGNECK. ALSO KNOWN AS A KINGBROWN. >

WE'D ALSO LIKE TO THANK ALL CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS, BOOZE, ARTSWA, AIMEE, FLASHMAN RAOUL, BOOZE, COG, ROYAL ELASTICS & THE CREW WAITING AN ETERNITY FOR ISSUE ONE.

(WERE OFF TO THE BOTTLE SHOP) - EDS









TRAVIS MILLARD 09

NICHOLAS DIGENOVA 15

BEN SULLIVAN 21

MATT DOUST 25

JODEE KNOWLES 29

FAILE 33

CRY BLOXSDME 41

GREG LEWIS 45

BWON 49

DEAD MIDZ 55

KILL PIXIE 61

DANIEL MANGSON 65

PARSKID 73

CONOR O'BRIEN 79

JUSTIN DEGARMO 83

CREEPY 89

RESONATE 91

# CHAPTERS





Gareth Stehr



FOUNDATION  
SKATEBOARDS

(ministry of propaganda)

  
Travis Millard

FUDGE

(artist)



[foskco.com](http://foskco.com)  
[fudgefactorycomics.com](http://fudgefactorycomics.com)



**Describe your daily routine:**

wake, scratch, banana, juice, email, draw, walk around the block, draw, scan, email, bagel, coffee, phone, smoke, records, post office, draw, scan, smoke, phone, beer, fried chicken, burp, scratch, draw, girlfriend, kiss, fuck, sleep.

**Describe East Los Angeles:**

Vibrant color, taco trucks, sunshine, flags, bad tags, abuelas, liquor stores, fast food, nail salons, Cholos, train tracks, pet roosters, skateboards, long haired youths, ~~████~~, warehouses, tattoos, dogs, pollution.

**Describe Little Joy:**

A very seedy bar i poured drinks at in Echo Park, LA. For years it was the local Cholo/Thai gay bar, and a couple years ago it started getting more hipsters coming in. ~~████~~ I saw the craziest shit bartending at that place... dusted Cholos, wasted hags, glimmering starlets, rockers, writers, artists, ~~████~~ thinkers, drinkers, hole sinkers, near-death experiences, breaking up fights between dudes i had no business being ~~████~~ around.... it's an amazing and horrifying place. I also did a large installation in the hallway and bathrooms. I quit that shit hole though.

**What recent event had the biggest influence on you?**

Mom was diagnosed with Alzheimers and i went back to see the family. While i was back, i was given the chance to be a courtroom sketch artist for the Lisa Montgomery hearings at the Missouri Federal Courthouse. A capital murder case where ~~████~~ Lisa murdered a pregnant woman and stole the living fetus, then tried passing the baby off as her own. To see the shackled march into the room, and the language they used to address her. Also knowing the court will likely put her to death.



Lisa



Lawyer



Judge





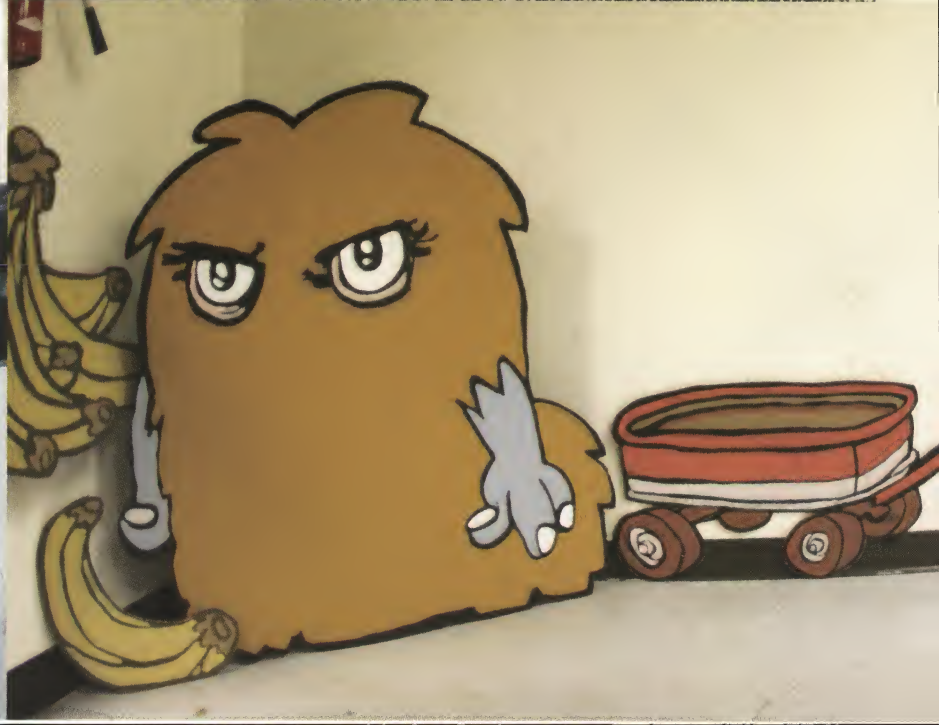




These two with  
Michael Sieben →

A black and white line drawing. The upper portion shows a pine cone with detailed scales, attached to a short, ribbed branch. Below the branch is a dense, chaotic thicket of thick, swirling lines representing roots or vines. In the top left corner, there is handwritten text: "These two with" followed by "Michael Sieben" with an arrow pointing towards the right.





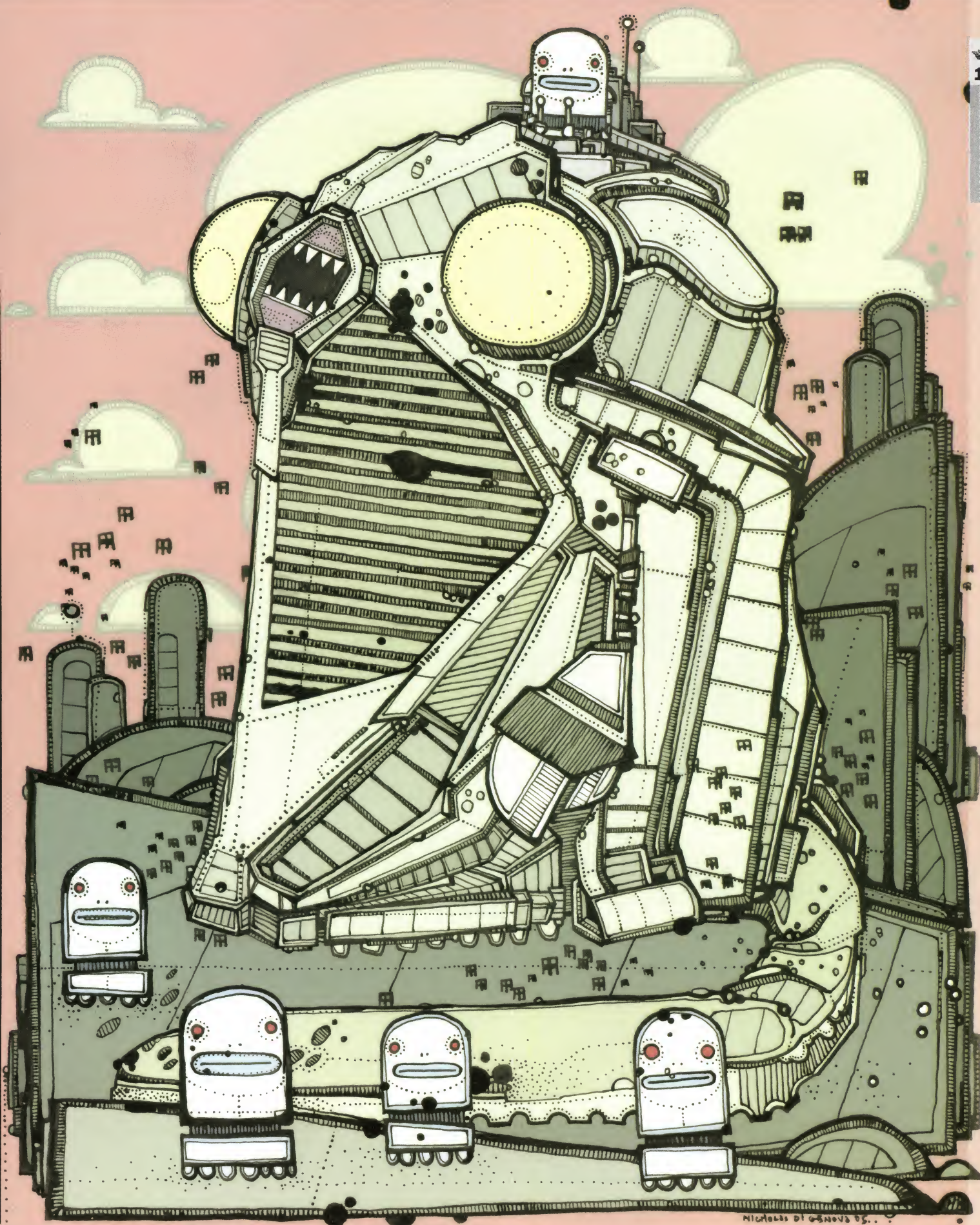






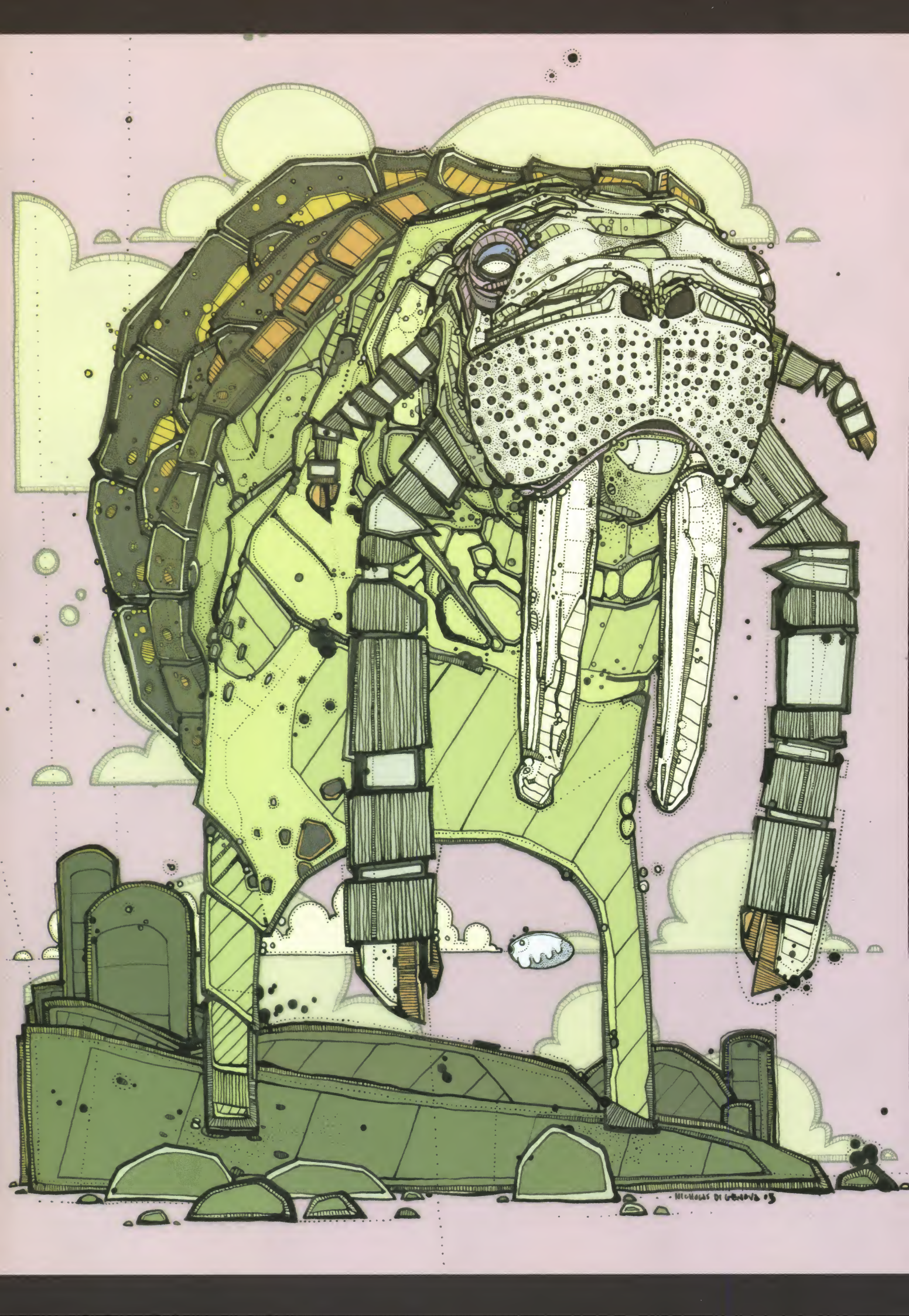






Nicholas Di Genova draws monsters





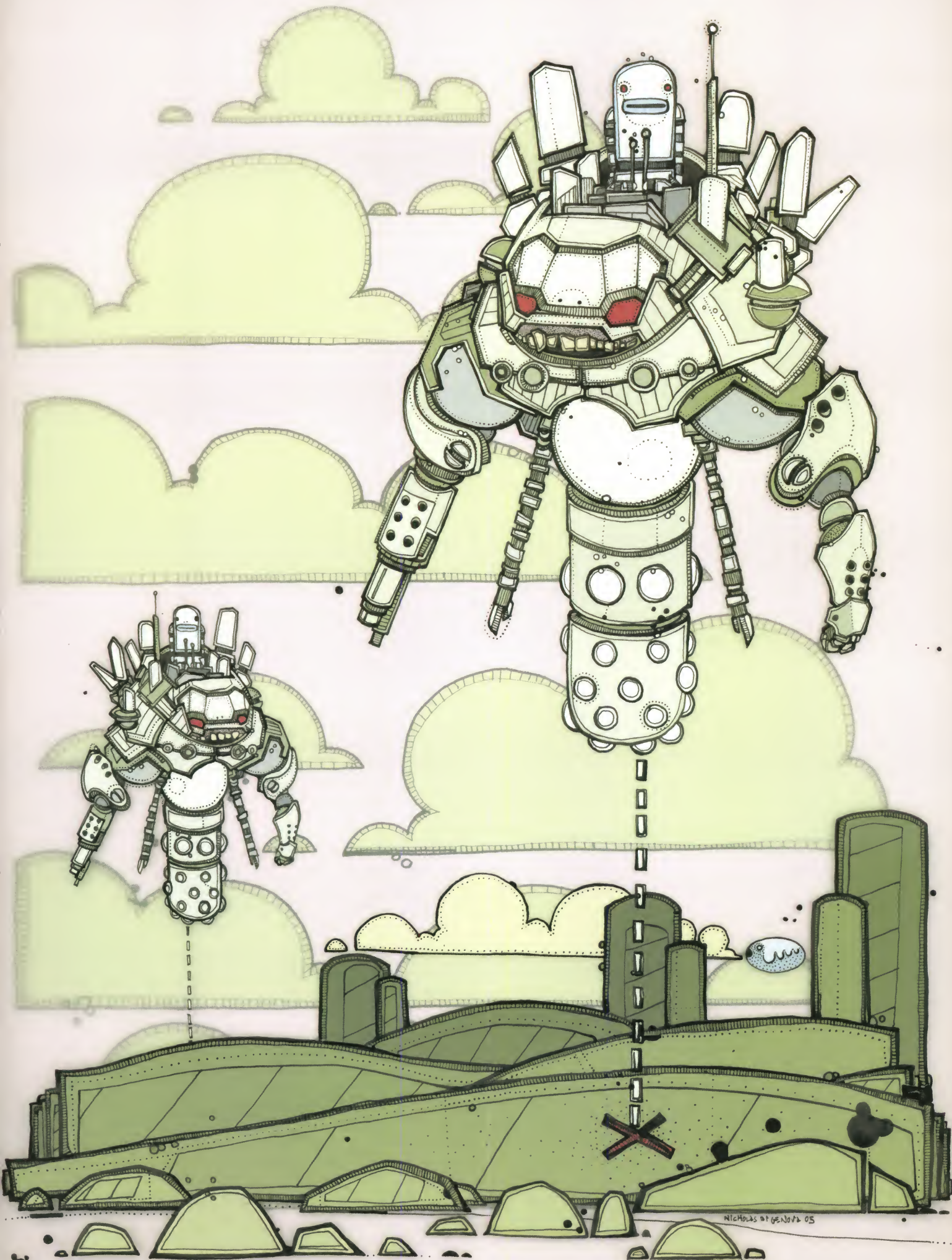
















perth | photos | ben sullivan

| light | supreme court gardens |









| carpark | adelaide tce |



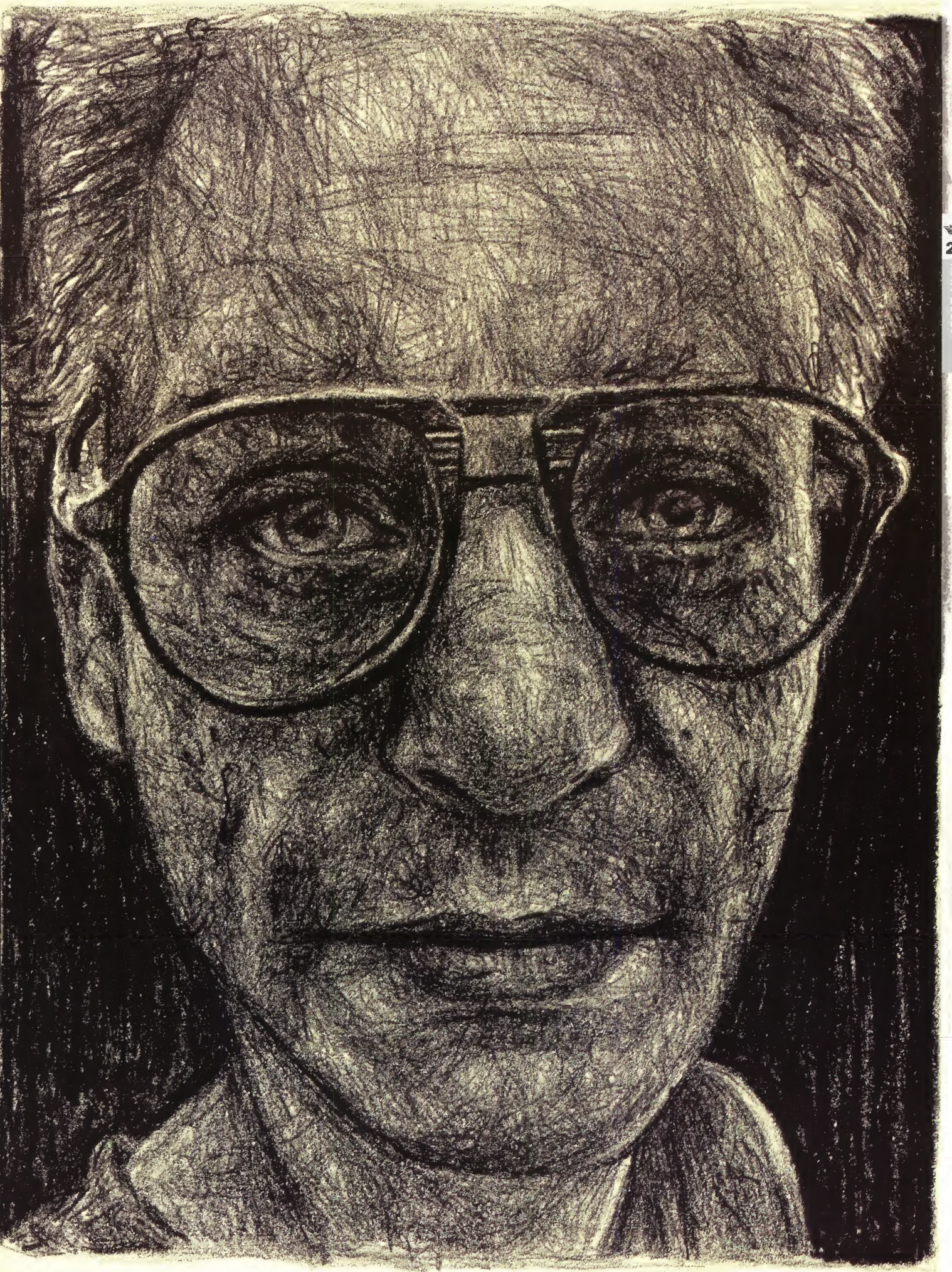






| dumas house | kings park rd |





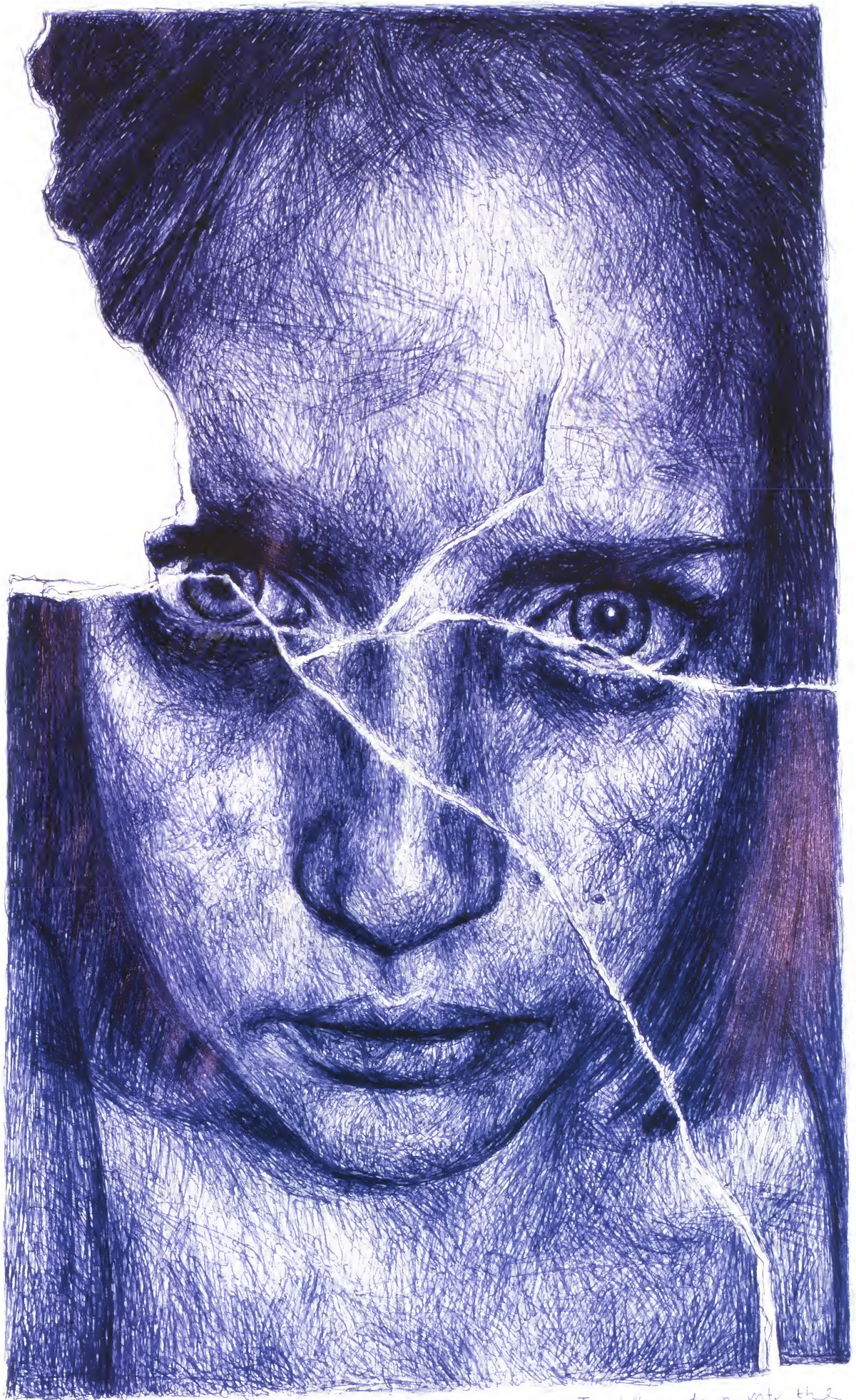
hello, my name is ~~matt~~ dust. i was born on the 20081984, and this is my artwork.





mattdoust 13022006



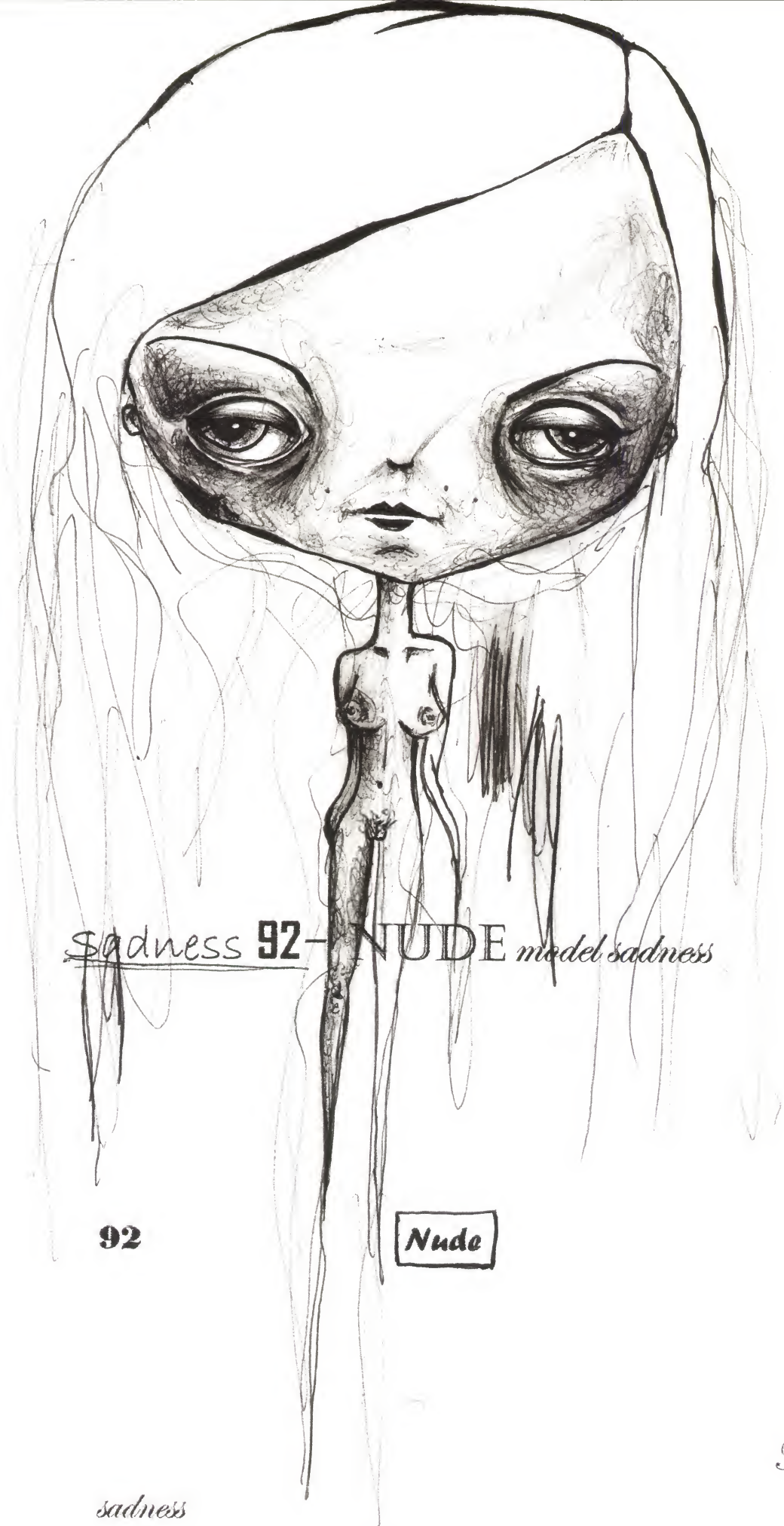


i kiss her with rubber Lips, with my dry tongue, and scales. I'm falling down into the  
thick smog of, nowhere mass, and she doesn't know, and i don't want her to know.  
and she has her eyes closed - mine wide open her being the only bright  
light left to see, left for me.  
i hope we can forgive me, can still be with me, and so... with a cold  
glass of water, a deep breath of air i feel better, i see better, think clearly -  
for now. matt doust 7022006









*sadness* **92** - **NUDE** *model sadness*

**92**

**Nude**

*Model*

*sadness*

I forgot why I wanted to Remember



I got what I wanted  
 But not what I needed  
 JOEYKIN OWLES



The place

is not here, the problem  
 is I never tried.



I'm scared

to watch

this

grow old



JUDEKNOWLES

**YOU DONT HAVE TO BE WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO BE  
YOU TO BE  
YOU DONT HAVE TO BE WHAT THEY WANT**



JUDEKNOWLES





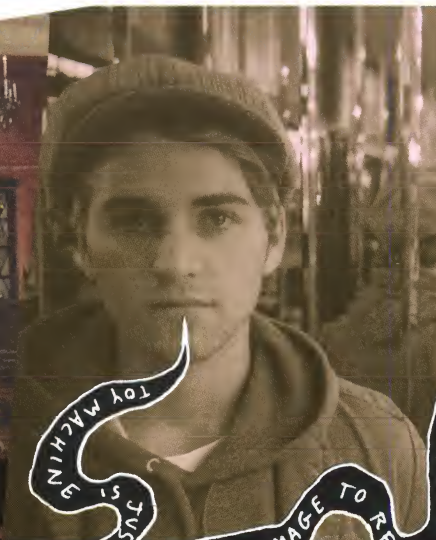
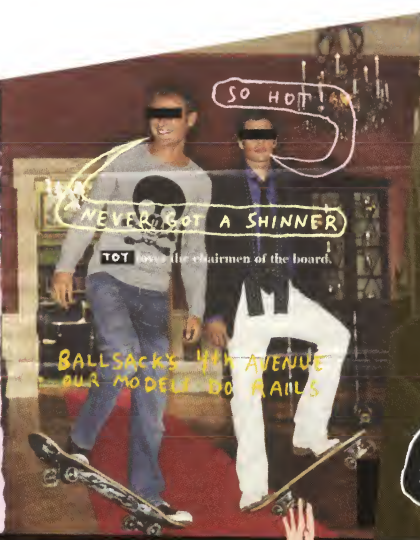


LET ME FREE!

AUSTIN STEPHENS

I THINK WE SHOULD PUT OUT A NEW VIDEO...

TOY MACHINE



AMN, I'M CREEPY

IS YOUR IMAGE TO REACH

THIER TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC ONLY A PAWN

NEW WEBSITE - GO TO WWW.TOYMACHINE.COM NOW!

IN THEIR GAME - BUT...



WRITE TO: 7071 WARNER AVE #F-435 HUNTINGTON BEACH CA 92647  
"I WISH I WAS A TARGET DEMOGRAPHIC" 1-800-TUM-YETO

YO QUIERO JUGUETE MAQUINA BENDEHO







## Comprehensive Tests of Basic Skills

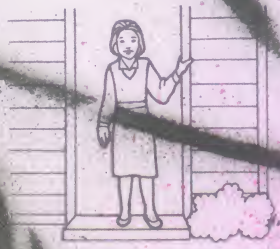
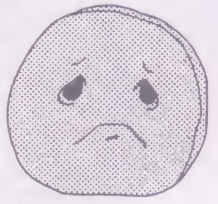
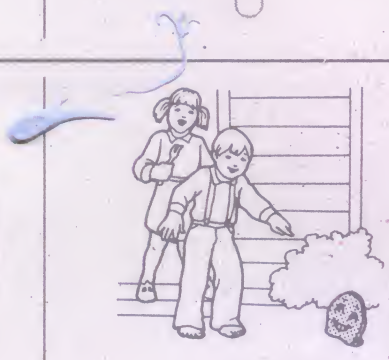
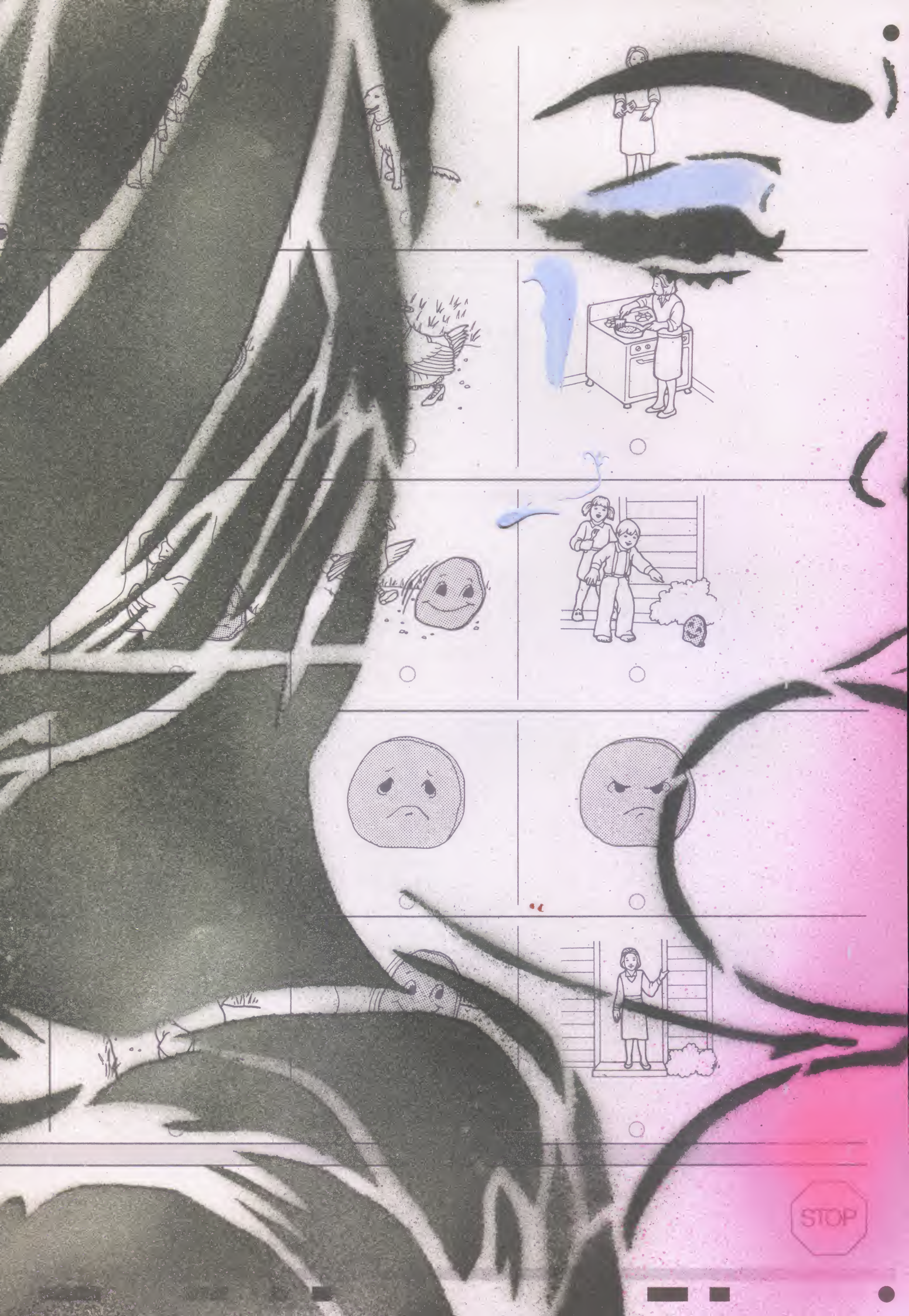
Complete Battery    Level K    Form A

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l	e			SCHOOL
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				DISTRICT
				New York City
				FEMALE
				MALE
				BIRTH DATE
				Month
				Day
				Year
				Jan
				Feb
				Mar
				Apr
				May
				Jun
				Jul
				Aug
				Sep
				Oct
				Nov
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FAIR  
33  
by rights

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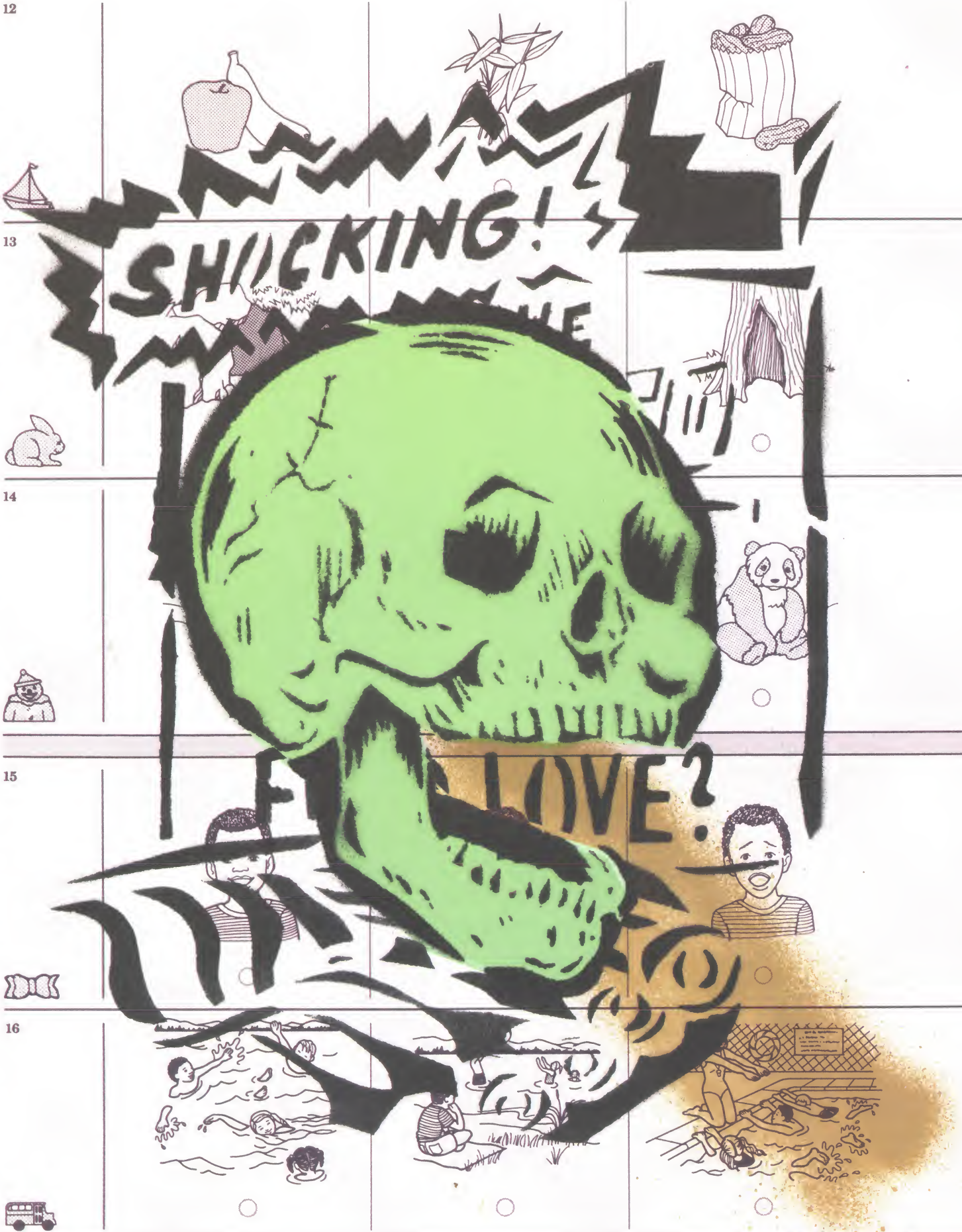
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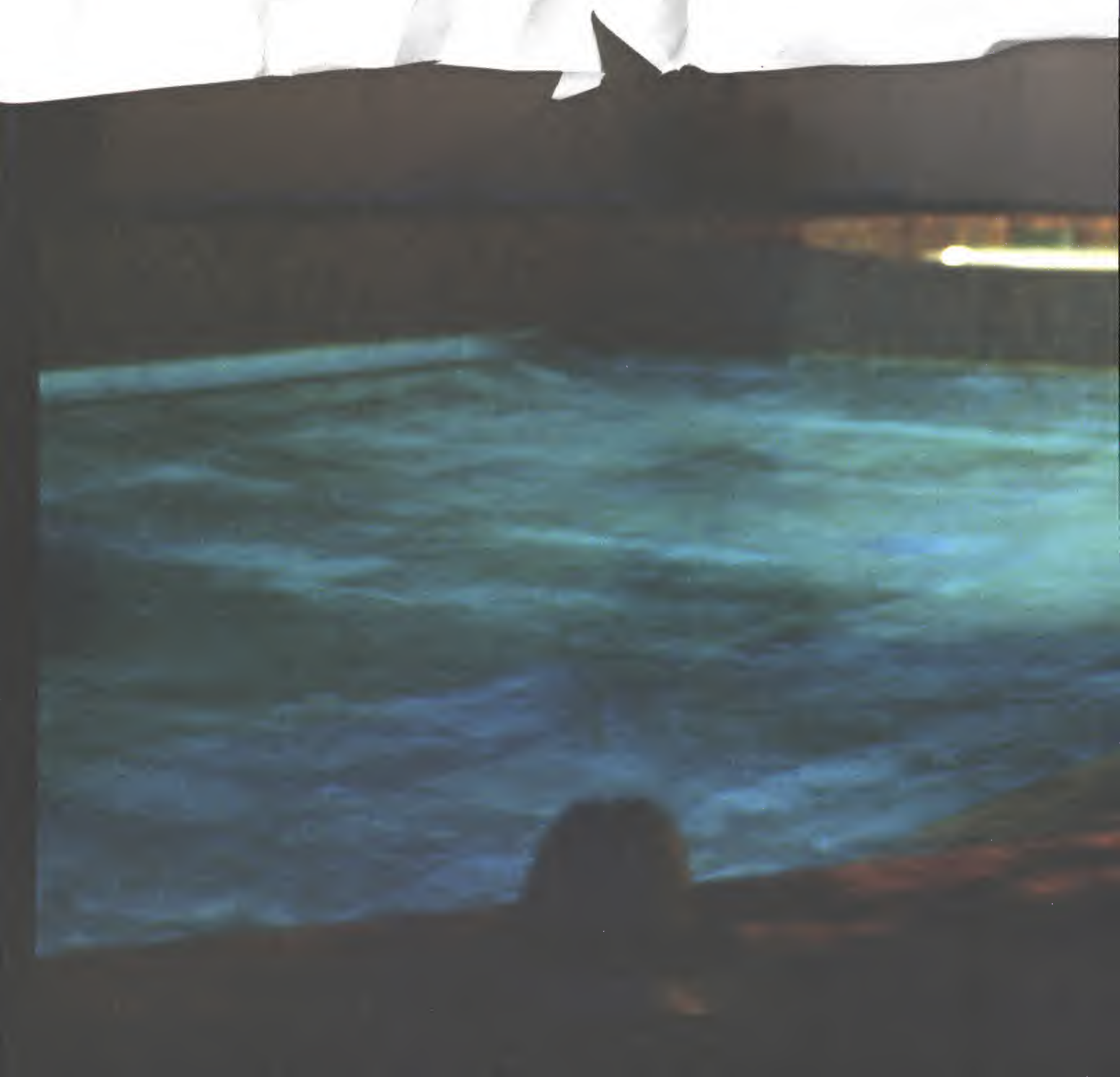




**URRO**  
ROYAL  
ELASTICS



# ZIPPER





# HEAD.



I turned on everything in the hotel suite, including the shower, and got in.

Do small things gladden the heart of the truly sad? I thought so when I spotted the miniature shampoo and conditioner. I shampooed and conditioned my entire body and then, afterwards, having used the hair-dryer on my armpits and pubic hair, was well and truly ready for a trip through this vertical palace of wonders.

I wanted to die this night.

I found that most doors I opened went beep or ding.

Approaching the night filled doorway along a corridor I came to a stack of white towels, intended for pool users, I took an armful and made my way outside to the Astroturf. The tall palms were being pulled horribly to one side, like hair, in the ambient lighting from below. Absolutely everything was being driven inland by an unceasing gale.

I made a windswept crossing in the glow emanating from the pool. It led me to a cave in the fibreglass rock façade and I opened a blonde-wooded door onto a vision of a man and woman, mostly naked, in what was obviously a sauna, masturbating

each other. I shut off the warm and steamy emanations.

Back beside the pool I eased into the plastic contours of a sun chair. I spread the towels out over myself like small blankets, but the wind threw them entirely away.

The man and woman, he in boardshorts, she in a bikini and clutching a white towel to her chest, hurried, holding hands, along the opposite edge of the pool towards the high rise. I held up my hand in salutation, although the woman only lowered her head and walked faster.



When is it the right time to talk about love?

Probably never.

So let me suggest that Shakespeare had it right; Romeo and Juliet are both dead. He made effigies of what he had lost, he made Romeo and Juliet. His former self and his belief in unrealistic promises. He watched them die, wise and patiently, every night at The Globe. Truly beautiful, I'm not kidding. He gave us something I wish I could get.

— I'll tell you what I want Shakespeare, I said uselessly into the wind, I want death before dissolution.

Did I have any money left in my wallet?

Yes indeed. It was time to toast Willy.

The bar was a head fuck, the importance, the affluence and the attention to detail that I observed in the gestures of business people. Ernest propositions, coked with flattery, carefully released from their fine mouths while their open hands delicately manipulated the finer points of the conversation, like pouring water from one glass to another.

How did these people care enough to perform so beautifully. How did they stay in their lanes. I pondered this, on a stool at the bar.

Here I was in the west, in summer time, I wanted a drink that William would be proud of. The bar-tender was a woman in

a slightly more relaxed, sexier, shake-up of the reception uniform. Clearly a beach girl, though probably east coast, travelling the perimeter of the entire land, working it's bars? I don't know why I thought that.

— Can I get you a drink, she asked.

— I need a drink that is expensive, but ridiculous at the same time. Do you have anything with pineapple?

— Actual pineapple, or pineapple juice?

— How about served in a pineapple.

She laughed. Things were OK on her side of the bar. — I'll get you the cocktail menu.

And it read:

Arise My Love

Blue Monday

Baby, Baby, Baby

Beach Blanket Bingo

Bloody Caesar

Cardinal Punchless

Comfortable Screw

Cosmonaut

Di Saronno Sea Breeze

Golden Dream

Hurricane

Red Headed Slut

Santa Is Coming to Town

Tequila Sunrise

Zipperhead

These are the words that caught my eye.

Red Headed Slut was a strong contender, but the precise irony of the Golden Dream was unsurpassable. I looked up, and the bar-tender returned.

— It's was difficult, but it has to be the Golden Dream, I said.

— Very good, do you want me to stick some umbrellas and things in it? Make it look more glamorous?

— The more the better.

What she brought to me was ideal for my purposes. It was a big ornate glass containing a viscous fluid which resembled house paint, but spreading through it was a fine marbling of colour,

a tint resembling that first emergence of dawn over Perth's eastern hills. Then, forming an almost impenetrable jungle of bullshit, there were two oriental styled umbrellas, one pink and one blue, an assortment of tropical fruit, and forming a triangular sort of balance out of that disaster, two neon-coloured bendy straws bent away from each other.

She set down my change in a saucer beside my drink, I picked it back up and put it down closer to her.

— You read my mind, I said without bothering to look up.

— Oh, I have an instinct for certain

things, she said in a mock old-world tone. — Sweet but yet poisonous.

— I'll drink to that. Here's to Romeo and Juliet: the dead that worms can't eat.

— Cheers, she said, and moved away to other work.

I know the clearest communication is not with words, so I suppose I can say that I had never tried harder to communicate with the world than I was at that moment. The drink, my dishevelled suit and my lonesome position at the bar. It should have given anyone who bothered to glance this way, a fairly good approximation of my state of mind.



I drained the Golden Dream with my hands flat on the bar, like the Great Sphinx of Giza. Which, incidentally, brings to mind the question: "Which creature in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening upon three?"

I drained my glass. An executive was standing nearby to place an order,

—That's an amazing drink you have there, she said.

—It was a Golden Dream, I said with the maximum of bitter irony, as I stood. Then left the lounge without incident.

There was a bottle of vodka back in the room so I cracked the metal seal, twisting the lid off, and looked out at the black ocean through the locked sliding door. The sky was still, but the hotel was sailing west. I adjusted my focus to look at the salt clouding the glass and suddenly all I could see was my own reflection. I bounced the metal cap off my image and went and stood in front of the television, drinking straight from the bottle, in front of Puberty Blues.

I would have traded four litres of blood and two unfinished novels for just one of those schoolgirls with smudged words in pen ink up her mini-skirt. I would lure her into my life with promises of black nail-polish, and then brutalise her mind with nonsense. I could feel a large skull of vodka coming on!

Forever the self-conscious mind, you know what I mean? Blame this mind. My teenage years destroyed. It's the reason I never filled the Scarborough carparks with rubber smoke. An iron bar and burning lust will get you whatever you want, for a moment. (Nevermind that

at this moment the framed prints were tilting off the walls, then slapping back against the paint, as the hotel swayed in the sub-cyclonic conditions). What has any good writer offered the world other than commiserations? What is the point good citizens, why not take it all out and burn it for the heat, for one monstrous second of illumination! (I was stepping back from the television) Ah, I can't put these pieces together. I needed the key to the sliding door (I looked around the room, objects were losing coherency. Everything was catching up, a more persistent reality was destroying a dream which included everything here).

I actually got down on the carpet here and crawled around on my hands and knees, scrambled even, until I found the sliding door key which I had tried to lose earlier (I had thrown it over my left shoulder with my right eye closed). I parted the sliding door to a howling wind and dropped the key as I rushed onto the balcony. I took one step up onto a plastic chair, strode to the balcony rail, and swinging through on that motion leaped right out of the high rise towards the sea.

Here was freedom, twenty stories above the night.

I remember one glimpse of arc-lights in the carpark.

Now, I need to stop it here because there's something I should tell you.

The idea has casually occurred to me here, here being now, several weeks later, that no chain of events ever had a beginning or end. There is only one chain of events, one that is, roughly speaking, exactly the size of the universe in every direction.

Is there some logic in the strange effects? It doesn't worry me anymore. I only mention it here because the universe was about to have some strange effects on me.

There was a terrifically unreal moment as my back smashed back through the safety-glass door and I twisted weirdly into my bright suite. Tiny squares of glass spraying off me. My arms and legs instinctively spreading to get a hold as I skidded across the carpet.

I came to rest well inside the room, jarred against the foot of the bed, then looked down my right arm to my hand, my hand was shaking so bad small squares of glass were crawling down its contours.

Nothing occurred to my mind at that time, but I'll tell you what I knew: it was an ordinary cyclonic gust of wind.

The problem I have now, in my very much recovered state ('stabilised' they call me here at the clinic) is that I can't see anything as ordinary. Frankly, I have been ecstatic for two and a half weeks.

Suddenly I'm in love with the indecipherable way of things. I only smile (annoyingly, I bet) at my visitors who try to explain to me why I didn't get up, when the shock had passed, and take another jump over the rail.

Some things are too hot to touch.

I was content to sit there, in the shattered hotel suite, and watch the curtains swing into the room and twist up at the ceiling. All I felt was this reassuring sensation of moving along a clear passage out of turbulence, thoughtless to the destination, the wind playing with my unbuttoned suit jacket, lifting up in flutters my open shirt collar.





robby jr

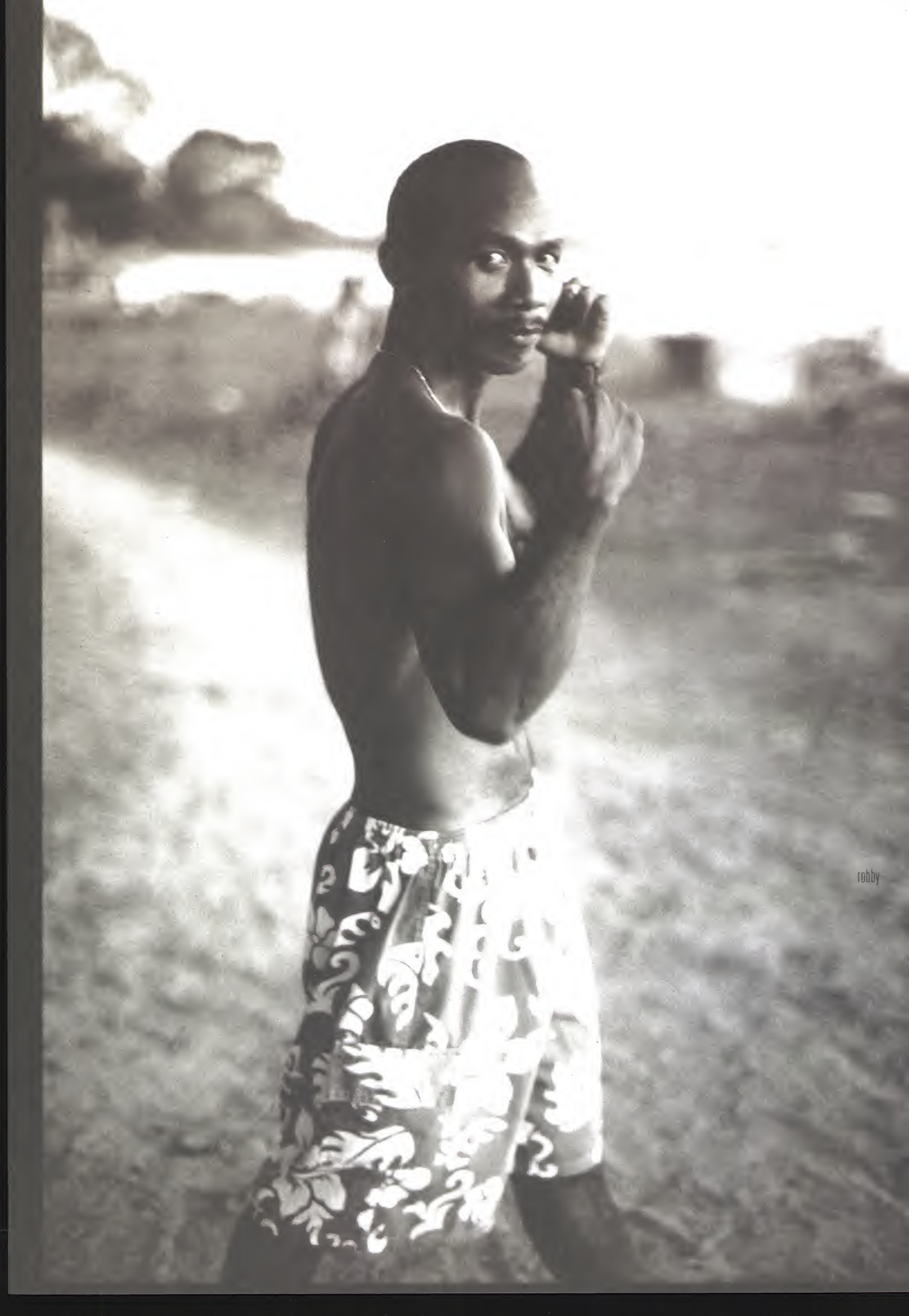




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GREG LEWIS





robby





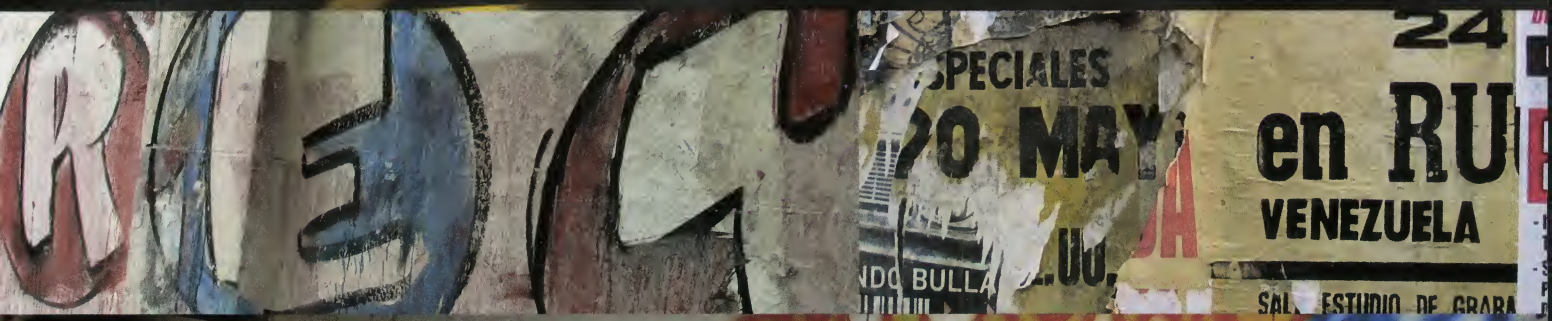




























The stuff the Deadkidz do is sort of fucked-up. Same with the guys from The Holster. But this is where they're at: a place of unfiltered ideas and uncomfortable honesty. This is their work. This is them telling you about it. I'm just here to fill in the gaps. "My all time favourite thing one of us did was this zine that was just crazy. It was silk screens of all this random shit and there was just one page that was like, 'your mama's so fat, she freebases ham' and I saw that and thought that was the best thing I've ever seen in my life. Because the artist sat down, he had an idea, he just wrote it."

– Gary Fogelson of The Holster

Each artist has his own preferred medium – ranging from illustration and design to drawing, silk-screening, zine making and film – but the process is the same: have an idea, explore it and put it down on hard copy. Who gives a fuck if no one has a clue what the work is supposed to mean? "I can't think of any zine I've ever made where I've been, 'I want to give this message.' It's sub-conscious. I don't want to give people a message." "I produce something, look into it and I'm like, 'what the fuck does that mean?' I want to make stuff that makes people think about things, but I'm not trying to tell them, 'this is what you should think.' Look at this and get something out of it. I don't care what it is. It doesn't matter at all."

– Fogelson, again

There is no easy message buried in the majority of the work. It's real death of the author-type shit, completely open to the interpretation of the viewer. It ranges from films about shooting old ladies execution-style and slapping bullies in the back of the head with a two foot-long salmon to whole zines filled with pictures of tits and drawings of girls pulling off karma sutra moves. And if the subject matter overlaps sometimes, the product is always singular. "The coolest thing about Gary and his boob fetish and Pat drawing penises and pussies and dripping pussies and fucked up sex stuff and me with my Quickies in the Pink work is that it all revolves around sexuality, but there are three artists doing this thing in different ways."

– Rich Browd of Deadkidz

It's not shock art. It's not pornography. It's not consciously strange. Each work is simply a snapshot of the weird shit that goes through the heads of a group of twenty-something New York City kids trying to sort their own thoughts and issues out using the only means at their disposal. "It's all that we've learned and all that we've observed. It's about observing society, observing nature, getting it together in your mind. It's all shit that's just in your head. You just want to recycle it somehow. So it just comes out in weird ways."

– Phil Lubliner of The Holster

Whenever they're not working in their day jobs as graphic designers or art directors, this is what they do, whether it's sitting around discussing their ideas and getting feedback off each other or going out, getting drunk and trying to find girls to fuck. "It doesn't matter what we're doing. It's all research. It's all material."

– Jesse Coane of Deadkidz

"That's just what we're doing on a Friday night and I think that's why it works, because that's all work time essentially, which is pretty rad."

– Rich Browd

It's this approach to the work, rather than the actual content of the work itself, that binds them together. This is what they do. This is who they are. There's not much that they consider to be outside of it. "There was one period in time when I was infatuated with photographs, infatuated with doing oil paintings, making zines, doing drugs, doing everything, collecting shoes; things that I like. I like art to be everything."

– Patrick Roche of The Holster

There's a crossover between the two collectives and it's hard to say how many people are in some way affiliated with them, but a lot of the time each of them is just doing their own shit. Occasionally though, when a major project comes up, the crew will come together like Voltron and each member's individual strengths will come into play. Like when Coane shoots a film, different kids will contribute their skills according to what needs to be done. So a couple of people will act, another will do the still shots, another couple will shoot the video, and do the design. And similar configurations come into play for other projects, like Browd's underwear label, Paddy Wagons. "Everyone has their own strengths. It's like a support group. It's about all of us coming together with our own ideas, helping each other out, and getting something out of it."

– Coane

"It's about getting excited about what everyone's working on and talking about it and getting feedback and going from there. Everybody's working on something by themselves and then you can be stoked on what someone else is working on and get ideas from that."

– Fogelson

This is their team, but it's also their family. This is a group of kids from across America thrown together into a huge city with a heavy weight of expectation and ambition stuck over their heads working hard to make sense of themselves and the world around them. They're together because it makes things easier. Because it makes things better. Because the whole is sometimes greater than the sum of its parts. "In the end, I don't really give a shit if people don't look into us individually because a huge part of what we do is the fact that we have this with one another and it's the only thing that gets me out of bed in the morning."

– Browd

Text: Matt Swieboda

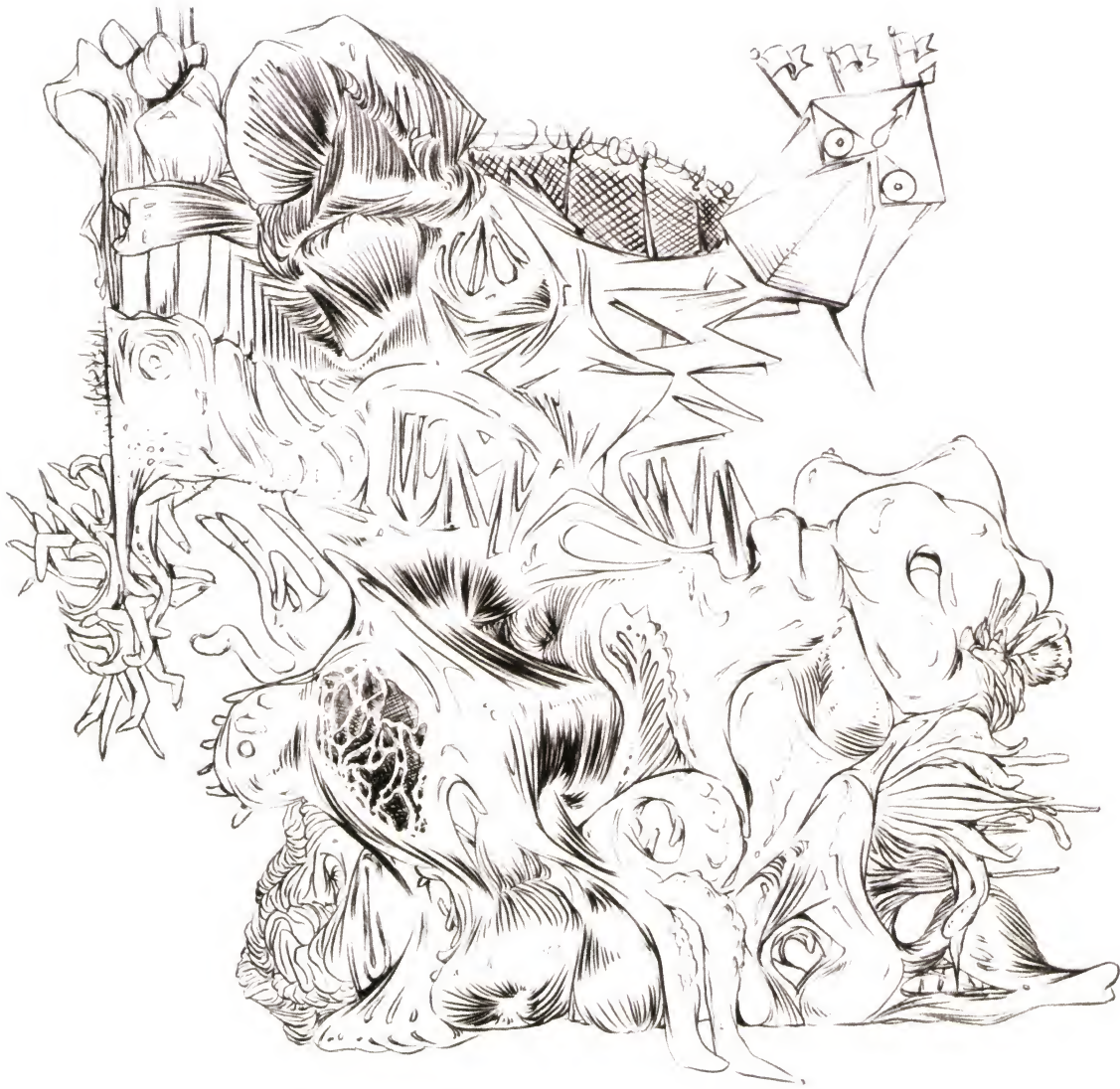
[www.deadkidz.com](http://www.deadkidz.com)

[www.theholster.com](http://www.theholster.com)





■ Patrick Rocha



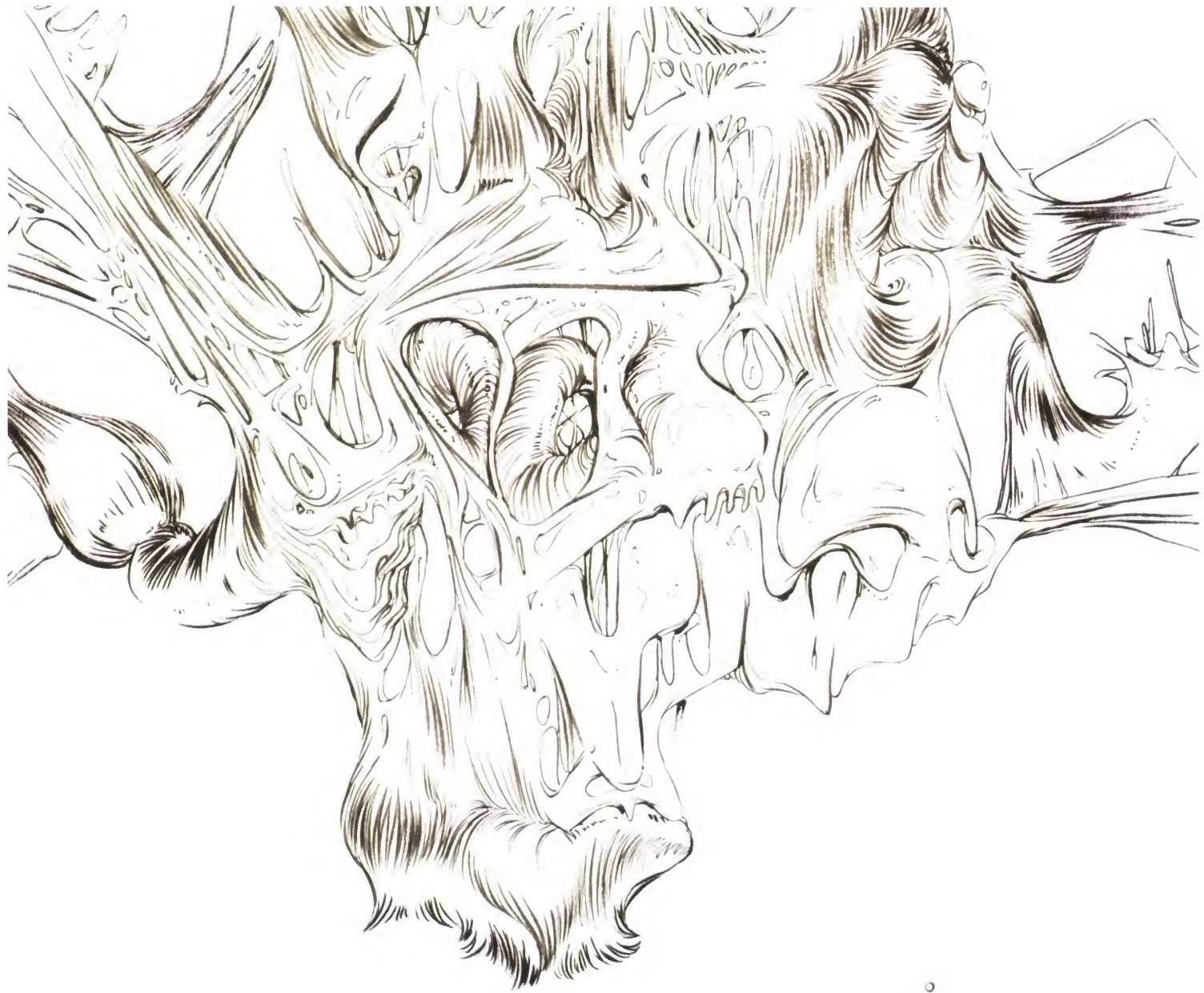
■ Gary Fogelson



■ Rich Browd











FILTHY RICH







■ Phil Lubliner



■ Luke Barber-Smiths



■ Andreis Costa

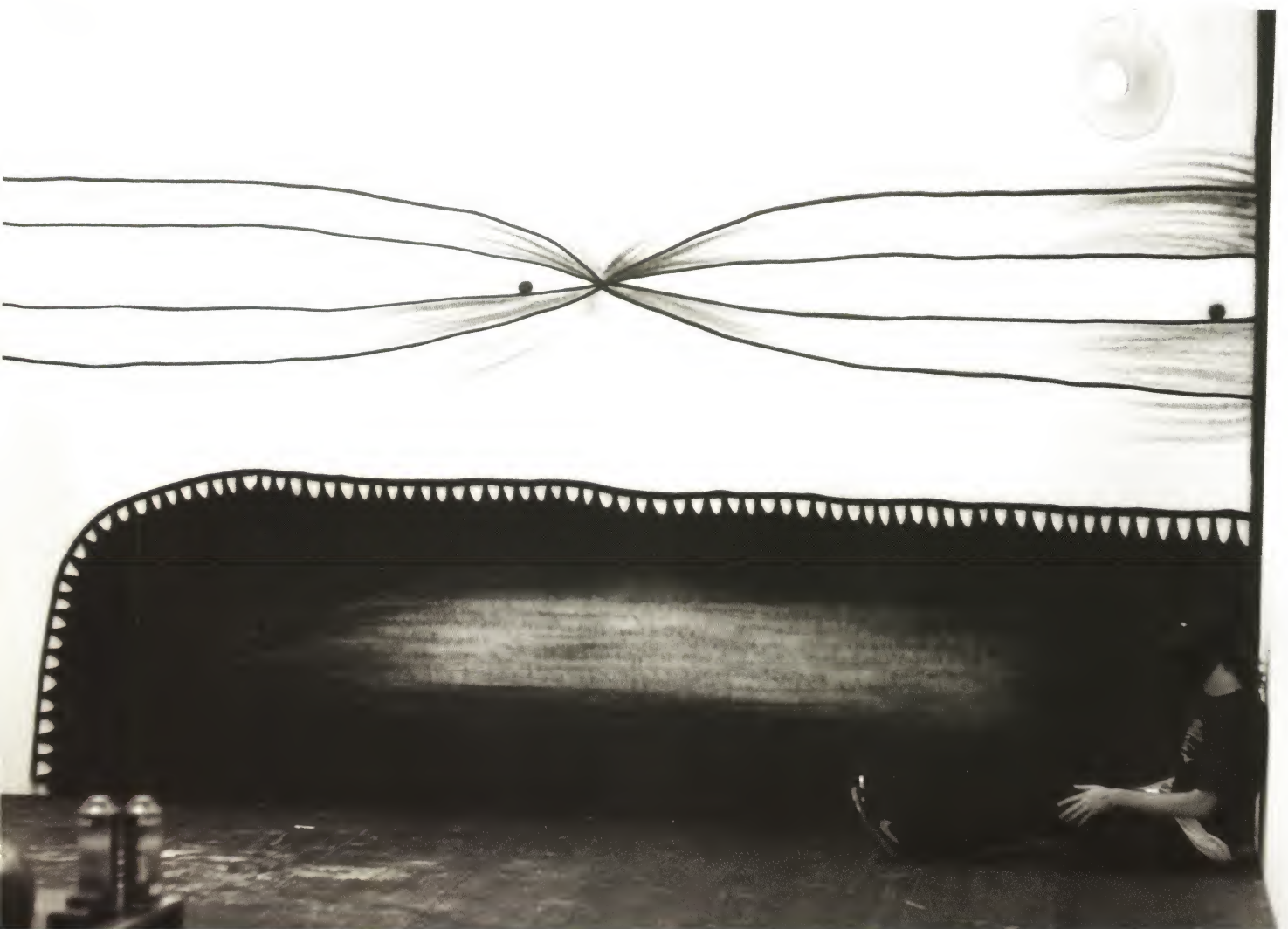




# Kill Pixie

In the same way that a cat is scared of water, Kill Pixie is terrified of sleep. The grotesque notion that one should rest when he could be out painting old Sydney town 18 shades of inspiration doesn't sit well for the young infidel - who despite the recent spate of crackdowns on street artists has still managed to create spell binding imagery in some of the harbour city's seediest grottos.

Recently making the transition from outdoors to within for his first major exhibition, Kill Pixie may well be the next gutter urchin to experience commercial success - not that he cares. So long as there's a vacant wall and a carton of Red Bull he'll be out there. Check it.



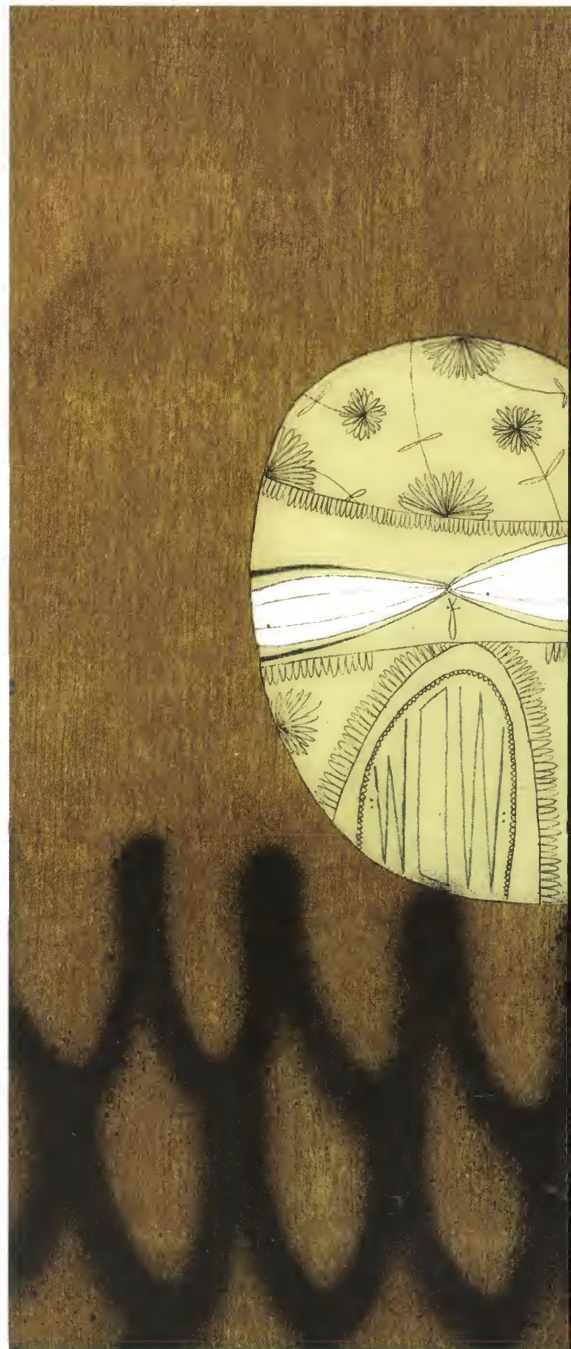
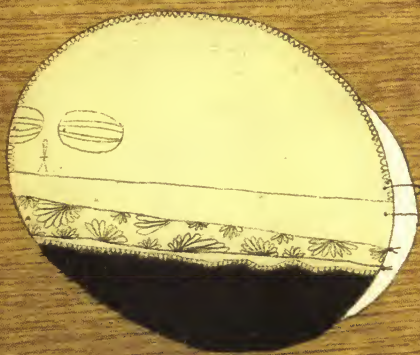




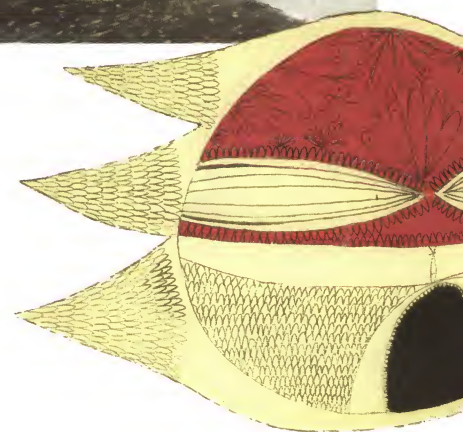
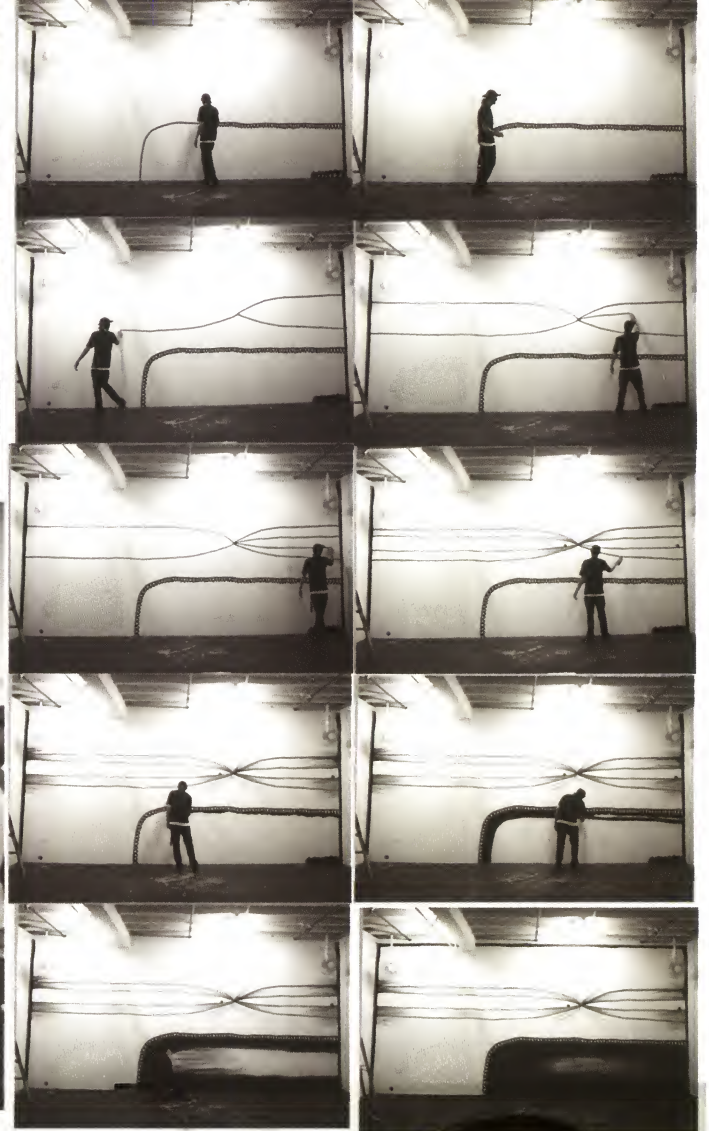
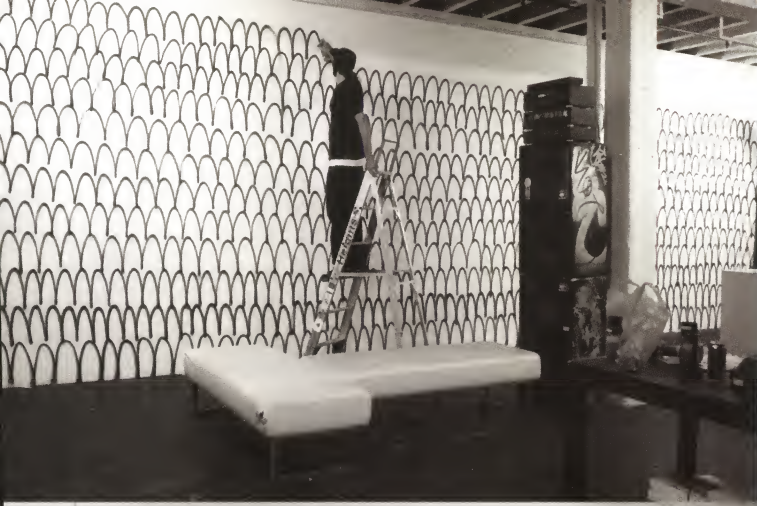
Ong photo



















A sneak peek into Swedish skateboarder and photographer Daniel Månsson's new book, capturing the world's most influential skateboarders.

## FACES OF SKATEBOARDING





Jim Greco, Hollywood





Jason Lee, Stockholm



Dave Hackett, Huntington Beach



to Saari, Huntington Beach















Richard Mulder, Santa Ana





Lance Mountain, Los Angeles



Natas Kaupas, Huntington Beach



**PARSKID**

**AGE:**

SINCE 1999

**BIRTHPLACE:**

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, USA

**OCCUPATION:**

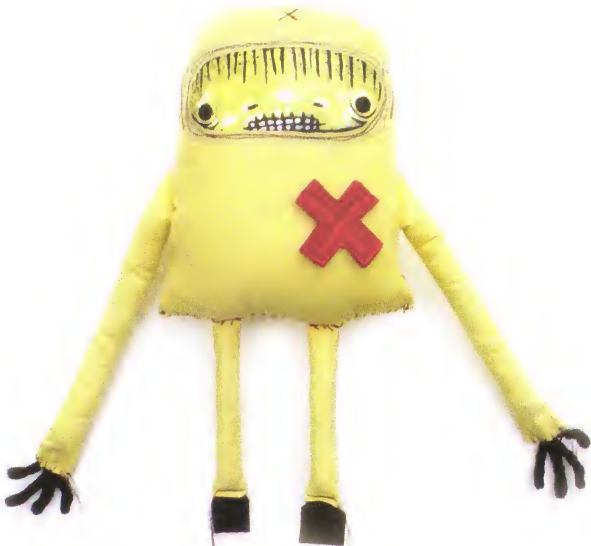
INDOOR/OUTDOOR ARTS & CRAFTS

**HOBBIES:**

PLAYING BY THE TRACKS & MAKING MOPS

**AFFILIATIONS:**

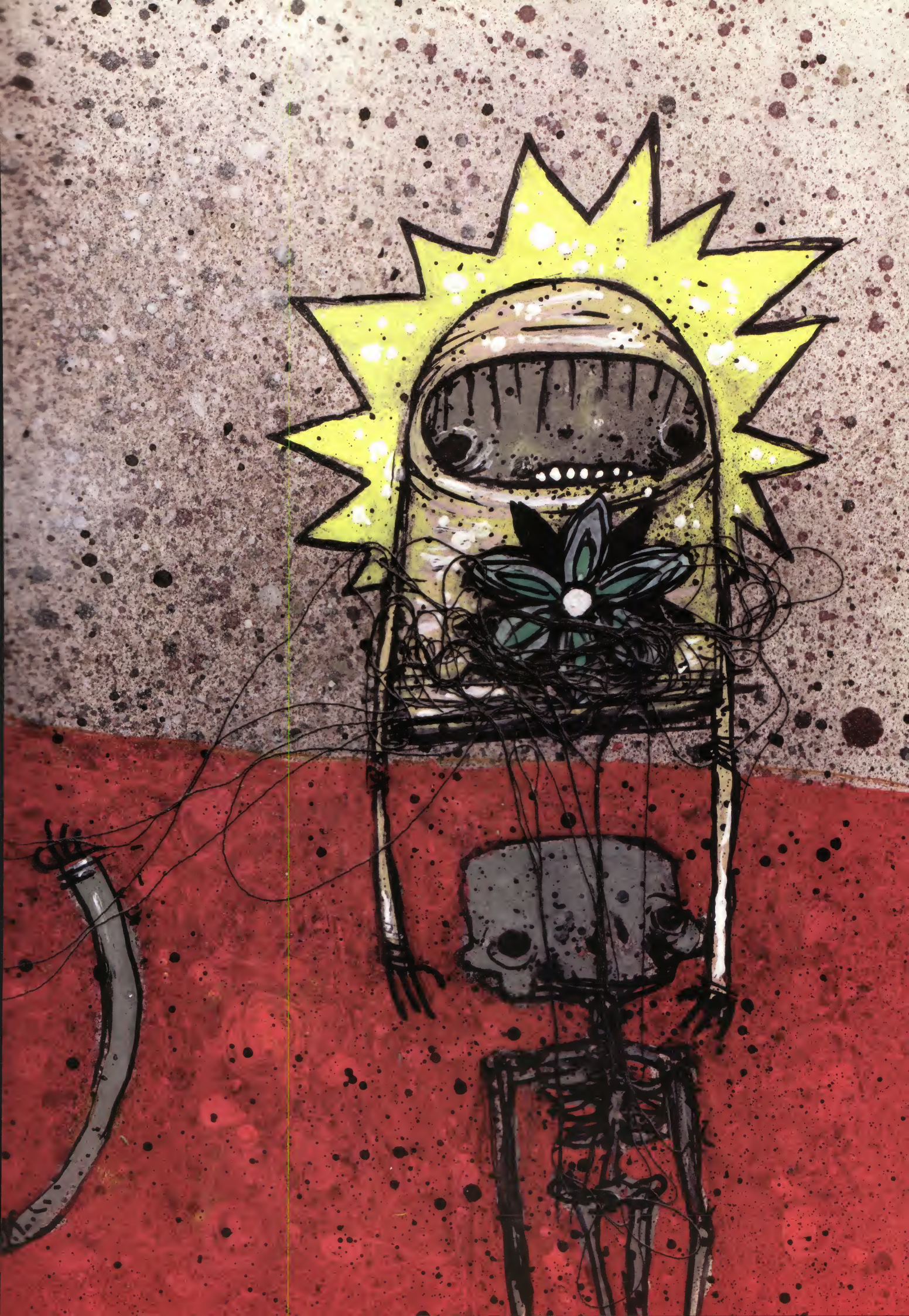
WRECKAGE KLUB, ALL 4 YOU, EBTEAM



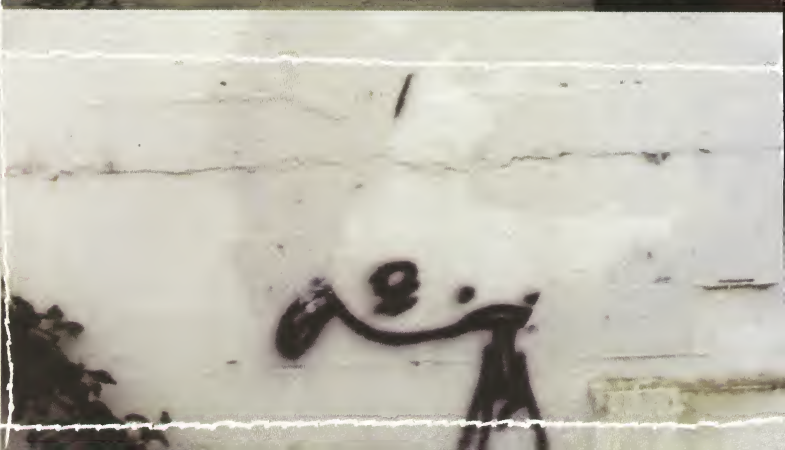
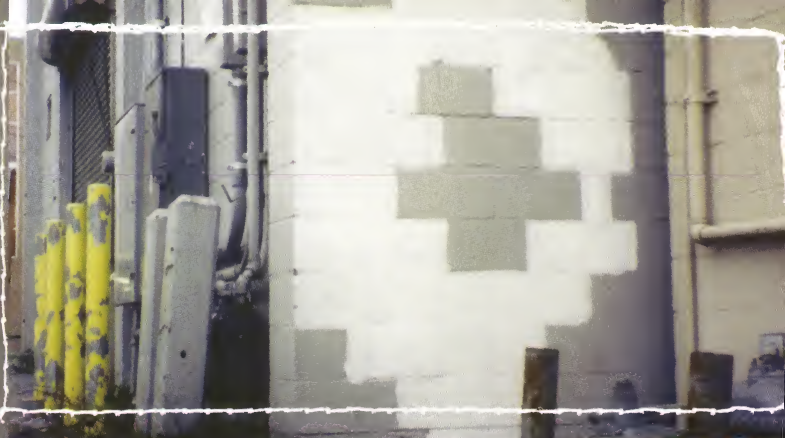










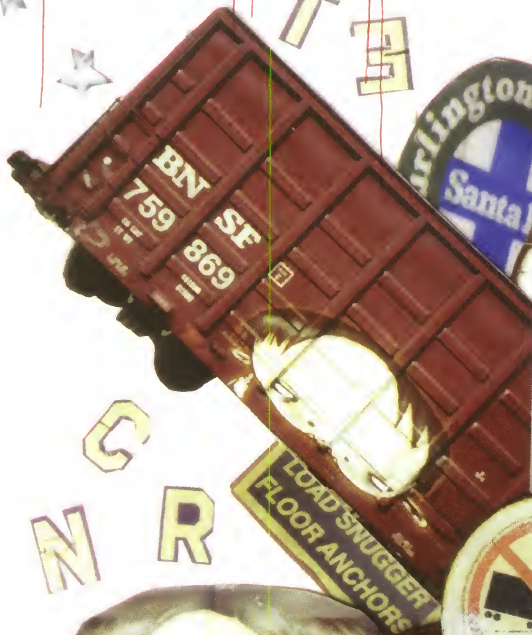




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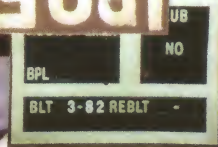


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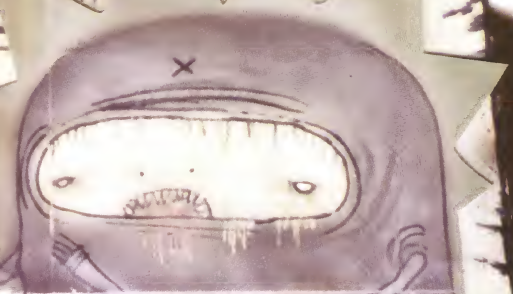
THIS CAR EXCESS HEIGHT



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Photographs By Conor O'Brien

Conor O'Brien has Irish blood.

He was born in South Africa.

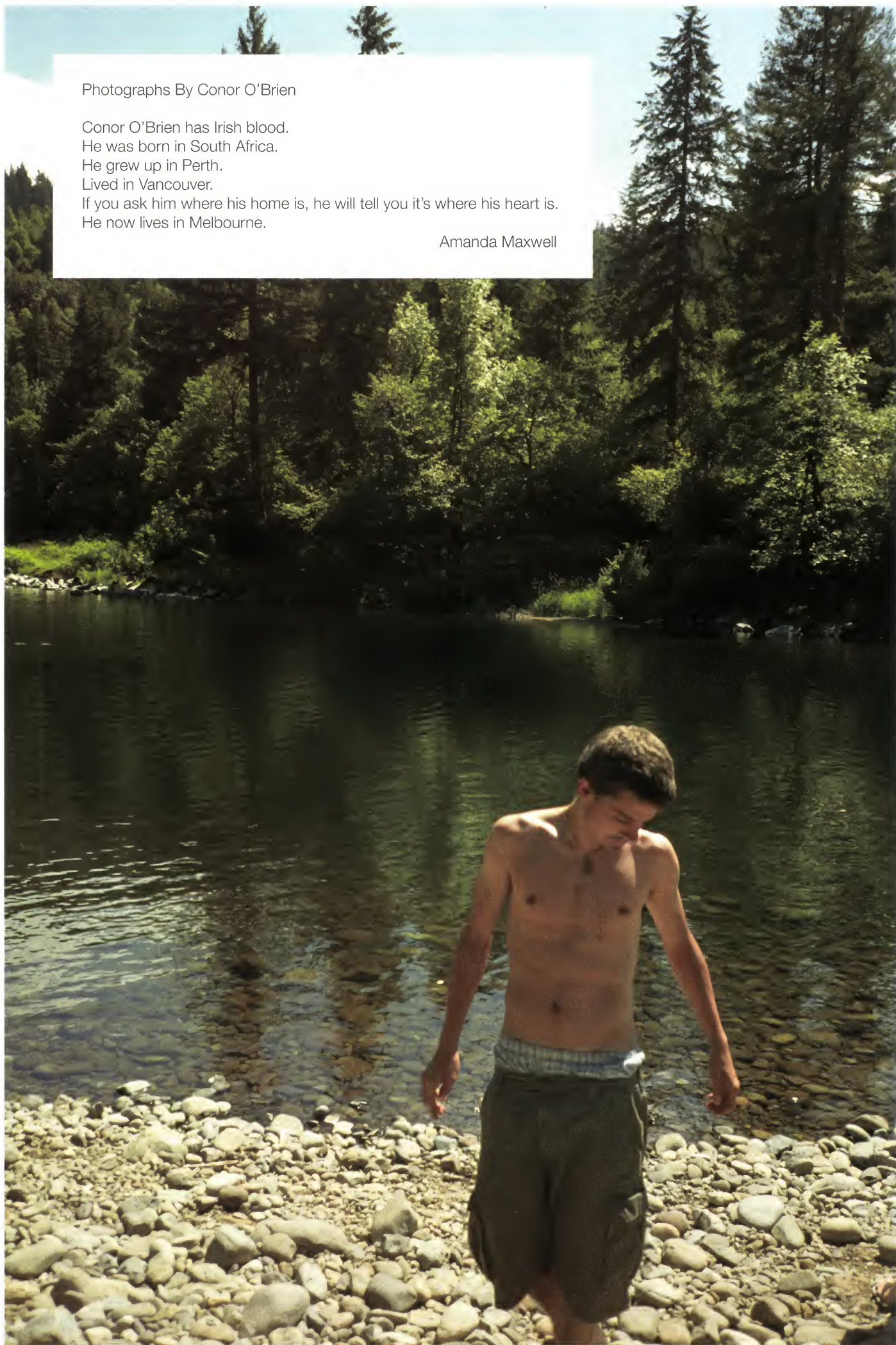
He grew up in Perth.

Lived in Vancouver.

If you ask him where his home is, he will tell you it's where his heart is.

He now lives in Melbourne.

Amanda Maxwell























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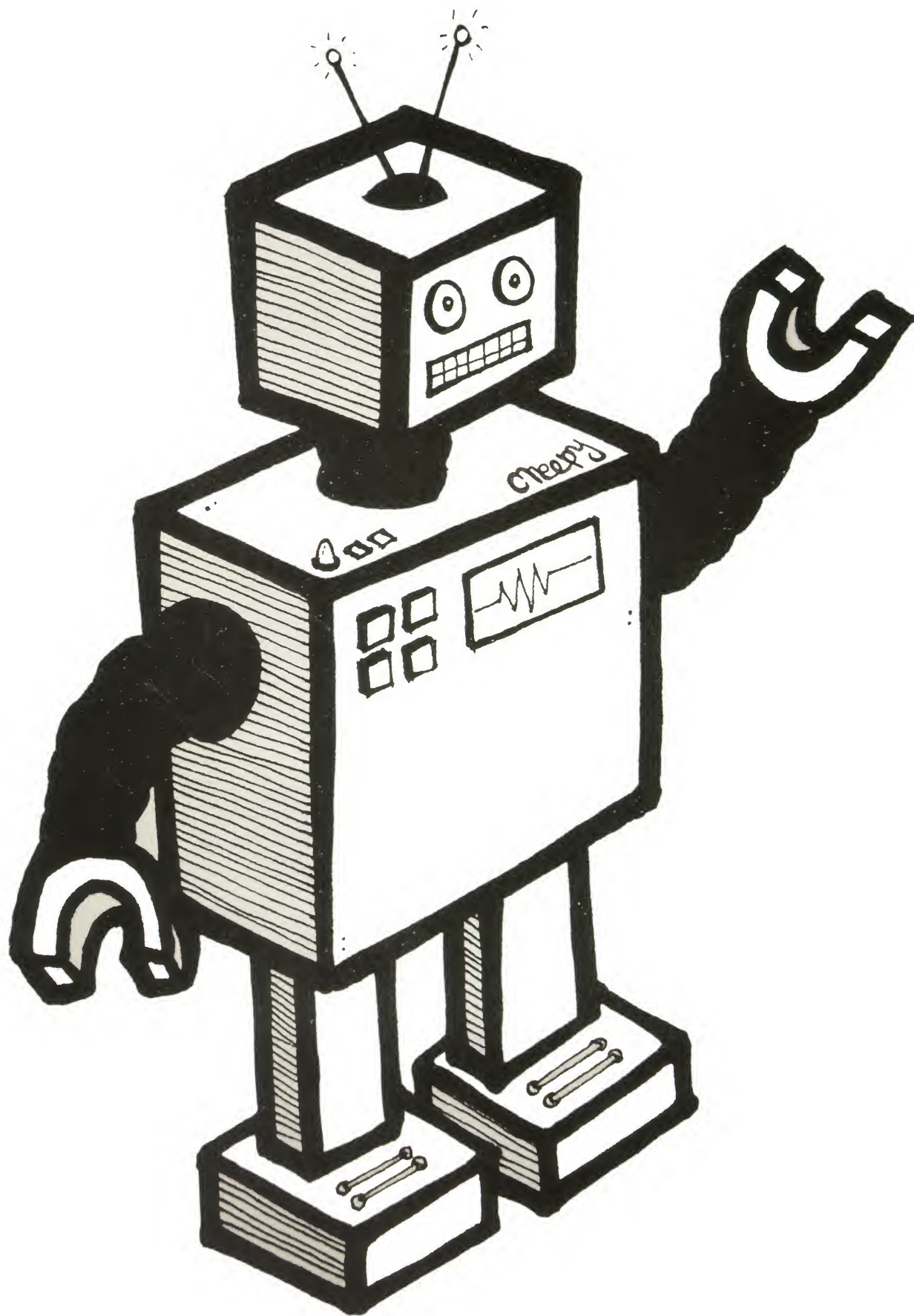
















Cut & Paste with Flynn  
Band: COG - vocals/guitar









Who are you?

Where to next?

SUNNY NIGHT.

NEWPORT FREEMANTLE.

I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE JUST YET  
BUT I'M WORKING ON IT.

What's in your drink: rider?

COOPER'S WHISKY x 24

CORONA x 24

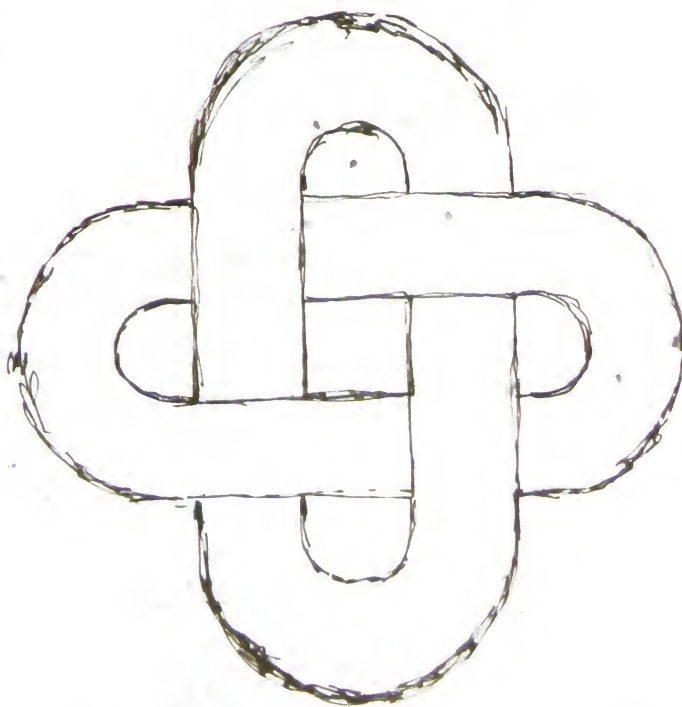
1 LITRE BOTTLE VODKA (PREFERABLY ABSOLUT)

4 LITRE PINEAPPLE JUICE

12 RED BULLS

2 CASES OF WATER

Draw your music:





Where's the World heading?

PEAK OIL. PERHAPS THE FINAL  
BATTLE. SURVEILLANCE SATURATION.  
POLICE STATES. 2012. MASS RIOTING.  
PERPETUAL WAR. GLOBAL GOVERNMENT.  
NEW WORLD ORDER. SAGES APPEARING.  
PEOPLE AWAKENING. REACTIONS  
OCCURRING. ALLIANCES MADE.  
ENVIRONMENTAL RUBIKONS.  
REVOLUTION AFTER REVOLUTION.  
GLOBAL COAGULATION.  
IRONY INNOVATION NOT. STALEMATES.  
EMPOWERMENT. ENLIGHTENMENT.  
DISCOVERY. REALISATIONS.  
THE REALISATION,  
THE UNDERSTANDING.  
THE ILLUMINATION.





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SORRY ALSO - WE CAN'T RETURN ALL SUBMISSIONS.

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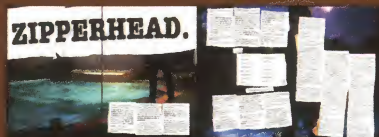
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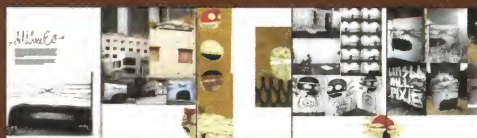
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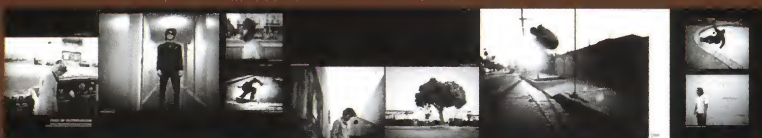
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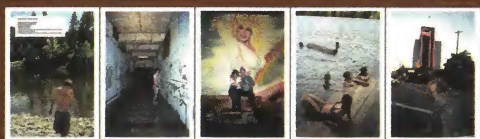
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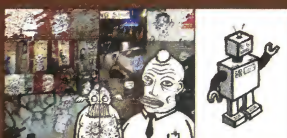
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**ROYAL**  
ELASTICS  
NUO





HATCH  
BACK.

HEY.

KING BROWN

ONE

LONESOME  
ROAD